

KRS-One Lyrics

"Gunned' Em Down"

Uh-huh! Y'all forgot about this shit right? Haha

Haha, TURN THE RADIO OFF!!

Word! Yeah, whatup Choco? Haha

Yo turn it around for me one time

Uhh, uhh, yo

I don't despise thugs, I (ADVISE) thugs

I teach y'all thugs, cause that's what I was

Yeah I say was cause today I'm above

All the guns, illegal funds, the crews and the drugs

ANY HOOD I walk in, they show me love

They say 'Knowledge Reigns Supreme, WHATTUP CUZ?'

Cops wanna get sit down and get all bud

They wanna think as they drink drink down to the suds

I respect it, but I don't get down with the fuzz

I don't drink with DT's I don't hang with the judge

But truth be truth and I got the proof

Most ministers were straight thugged out in they youth

See if you're over 25 and you never got live

when it was time to ride, you ain't got no heart

But if you're over 26 and you're still in the mix

and your life you ain't fixed, you ain't doin your part

You see them cats on TV, playin the role?

Gassin y'all, them cats be over thirty years old!

Actin all dirty and cold

NONE OF MY CLASSIC ALBUMS they was worthy to hold

I'm concerned with the soul, overstand?

When we was slappin up rappers they was doin the running man

You don't know my style, we be straight gunnin man

If you don't know you better ask your older brother man

Shit gets realer than, Real TV

From eighty-six, ain't no rapper realer than me

Or Just-Ice, I.C.U. or Steady B

What y'all waitin to see? Somethin faker than me?

Don't let me have to pull out the Jamaican in me

I'd rather pull out the asalaam alaikum in me

Wa-alaikum salaam, yo you wan' tess de Don?

BLAOW BLAOW BLAOW-BLOAW-BLAOW, bwoy gone!

[Chorus]

They don't really wanna learn - well start gunnin 'em down!

Yo they really ain't concerned - well start gunnin 'em down!

They don't wanna get the book - well start gunnin 'em down!

They don't want a conscious hook - well start gunnin 'em down!

They don't wanna pay dues - well start gunnin 'em down!

They be actin brand new - well start gunnin 'em down!

They don't wanna get the light - well start gunnin 'em down!

Yo, pass me the mic - we'll start gunnin 'em down!

Watch dis! Your crew is my crew and my crew is my crew
Your crew you lied to, my crew will find you
The light I recite will blind and outshine you
Street cats be wonderin why they even signed you
Where they find you? WHO is the first cat to rap
"wa-da-da-ding" and show you what the nine do?
You ain't never seen me behave with them firearms
Maybe not, cause you just a slave to Viacom
Me, I'm a free MC hip-hopper
I teach real gangsters, hang with real Godsters
I am to hip-hop what Selassie is to rastas
Watch your mouth before someone I don't know pops ya
Lemme stop, don't-a-stop the street rhetorhic, ha
Your soul you sellin it ha, come wit some better shit, ha
In five years your whole catalogue's irrelevant ha
You spit the ignorance while I spit intelligence
You got it backwards like sayin hop-hip
That's why when you battled your whole crew got ripped!

[needle drags across record] You wanna battle?

[Chorus]